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The Brimingham BUTTON-MAKER

To which are added,

2. Poor Jack
3. Logan Water
4. The Anſwer

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The Birmingham Button-maker.

IN Birmingham I liv'd it's true,
where many people there me knew,
A button-maker to my trade,
but now I'm ruin'd by a maid.
Hang ſuch maids ſo ſaid I, &c.
When I was young and in my prime,
to kiſs the girls I thought no crime,
Till one of them with child did prove,
which made to cry hang their love, &c.
When I was working in my ſhop,
the conſtable came in a crack,
baſtard child is born to you,
unto the Juſtice you muſt go, &c.
And when I to the Juſtice came,
he aſk'd at me what was my name?
I wink'd, and ſaid, my name is Ralph.
he ſaid, guard him to priſon ſafe, &c.
As I rode thro' the town call'd Null,
the officers did me controul,
They told me if I would not ride,
they'd lock me to the horſe's ſide, &c.

But when *I* came to Stolock town,
the girls about me flocked roun',
And ſaid, young man what is your crime?
For getting of a maid with child, &c -
When I came to the turnkey's houſe,
He look'd at me mute as a mouſe,
I ſaid, we'll have another cup,
No my lad, you muſt tumble up, &c.
But when I came into the yard,
The pris'ners all flock'd round me there,
They came to me with hat in hand
Saying, your welcome here young man, &c.
There was four doors for to go thro'
The moſt of them *I* could undo:
There was four locks on theſe four doors.
which made me cry hangall whores &c
At ſix o'clock when the turnkey came,
he found I was new ſtarted,
He lock'd me down in a dungeon dark,
all night to to take my quarters, &c.
But in the morning when I rroſe,
I found myſelf dreſt in my clothes,
My bed it was a wed of ſtraw,
wich made me to cry hang ſuch law.
But now I am come out again,
and on the road a ſtirring,
For trade is bed when we pooa lads,
Go out a privateering. Hang ſuch maids &c

Poor Jack.

GO patter to lubbers and ſwabs d'ye ſee,
'bout danger, and fear and the like;
A tight water boat and good ſea room give me,
And t'ent to a little I'll ſtrike:
Though the tempeſt top gallant-maſt ſmack ſmooth ſhould ſmite.
and ſhiver each ſplinter of wood,
Clear the wreck; ſtow the yards, and bouſe every thing tight,
And under reef'd foreſail we'll ſcud:
avaſt—nor dont think me a milk ſop ſo ſoft
To be taken for trifles a back,
For they ſay there's a Providence ſits up aloft
to keep watch—for the life of Poor Jack.

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day,
About ſouls, heaven. mercy and ſuch,
And, my timbers—what lino!—he'd coil and belay,

why 'twas juſt all as one as high dutch.
But he ſaid how a ſparrow can't founder d'ye
ſee,
without order that comes down below,
And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me
that providence takes us in tow
For, ſays he, do you mind me, let ſtorms e'er
ſo oft
take the top-ſails of ſailors a-back,
There's a ſweet little cherub, that ſits up aloft.
to keep watch—for the life of Poor Jack.

I ſaid to our Polly, for you ſee ſhe would cry,
when laſt we weighed anchor for ſea,
What argufies ſniv'ling and piping your eye?
why what a damn'd fool you muſt be.
Can't you ſee the world's wide and there's
room for us all,
both for ſeamen and lubbers aſhore;
And if to Old Davy *I* ſhould go, friend Poll
why you never will hear of me more.
What then?—all's a hazard, come don't be
ſo ſoft,
perhaps I may laughing come back,
For d'ye ſee there's a cherub ſits ſmiling aloft
to keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me a ſailor ſhould be every inch
all one as a piece of his ſhip,

And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
from the moment the anchor's a trip:
As for me in all weathers, all times, fides, and ends,
nought's a trouble from duty that ſprings
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
and as for my life 'tis the king's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me ſo loft,
as with grief to be taken a back,
That fame little cherub that ſits up aloft,
will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

Logan Water.

BY Logan's ſtreams, that run ſae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded ſheep—
Herded ſheep, or gather'd ſlaes,
wi' my dear lad, on logan braes.

But wae my heart! theſe days are gane
wi' grief, may herd alane;

While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me or Logan braes.

Nae mair at logan kirk will he,
t'tween the preachinge meet wi' me
Meet wi me or whan its mirk
Convey me hame frae logan kirk.

Weel may I ſing theſe days are gane,
Frrae kirk or fair I' come alane,
While my dear lad mann face his faés,
Far, far from me or Logan braes.

The Anſwer to Logan Water.

YE nymph that ſat on Logan plains,
of late, and ſang mournfu' ſtrains,
There's news in town your heart will raiſe.
an' mak' you blythe on Logan braes.

Auld Cath'rines come to peacefu' terms'
au' Britains laying down her arms
an' your brave lad has chang'd his claes
an,s coming down to Logan braes.

Reſolv'd hereafter to abide,
wi' you at hame by Logan-ſide,
To herd the ſheep and gather ſlaes,
an' dawt his dear on Logan braes.

Sae now be blythe, ye'll come nae mair,
alane frae kirk or fair;
But wi' your lad, in lo'eſome gaze,
will paſs the time on Logan braes,

FINIS.